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FEBRUARY 20, 1913

CHICAGO, ILL.



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A PUBLICATION OF
DISCARDED TRUTH
& REJECTED FICTION
TRIMMED & LIGHTED
AS OFTEN AS THE
MOON IS DARK

BY
CURTIS J. KIRCH

AND

MILTON FUESSLE

POST OFFICE BOX 203

CHICAGO

LINCOLN CARICATURES

During His Campaign, After His Election and During the Civil War

Published Monthly at 707 Mortimer Building.
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The Lantern

Vol. 1.

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No. 2

Lincoln, as Seen by Caricaturists of his Time.

**DURING HIS PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, AFTER
HIS ELECTION AND DURING THE CIVIL WAR.**

I do the very best I know how, the
very best I can and mean to keep
doing so 'til the end. If the end
brings me out all right, what is said
against me won't amount to any-
thing. —Abraham Lincoln.

THE caricature of to-day will be the historical mirror of the past for the future generations.

Small peculiarities in seemingly small and unimportant things, manners of speech and of gesture, habits of dress and the hobby diversion of men in the limelight of every-day life are indicative of their character.

The cartoonist sees and observes and preserves in his sketches and drawings what the ablest writer cannot express in words. We study the life history of great men in the writings of historians and in the essays of men who deemed the subject worthy for their pen. But not only a much better understanding could we gain by studying the results of momentary impressions received by the caricaturist with his quick-catching eye but we could find also many missing links not supplied

by history chronicles in the oftentimes abruptly successive sequence of happenings. The caricaturist can bring us an understanding for this or that element in the character of a man and make us see the logic in hitherto obscure situations or startling occurrences.

Every man, woman or child knows the kind and grave features of President Lincoln. With reverence and love they gaze into the serious, manly eyes, wherever his portrait is seen.

The same men and women notice daily the cartoons in our newspapers. Many a hearty laugh and many an indignant word were provoked through the cartoonists' oftentimes grotesque conception of the candidates during the recent presidential campaign.

But it is more than doubtful that any of the readers of the newspaper of to-day have ever considered that Lincoln might have been the target of the caricaturist during his time, just as Roosevelt or Taft or Wilson have been in our time. Even the thought of a ridiculed Lincoln they would brand sacrilege.

In the caricatures of pioneer American cartoonists, it requires no magnifying glass to discern immediately the important traits of Lincoln's character. He is seen always the same man, even when ridiculed by the cartoonist of the eastern journal hostile to Lincoln's political cause. There were ever present beneath the burlesque of the caricaturist the grave seriousness, the unbound trust in providence, in God, in his fellow man, the sanctity of his once given word and his love of doing what the candidate promised to trusting voters before his election.

The art of caricature in America is not a very old one. Looking back perhaps three or two centuries, we are surprised at the unartistic, rude attempt by the cartoonist to express humor.



WONDERFUL SURGICAL OPERATION,
PERFORMED BY DOCT. LINCOLN ON THE POLITICAL CHANG AND ENG.

POLITICAL CHANG, J. E. — 7.
 POLITICAL ENG, J. G. E. — 77.

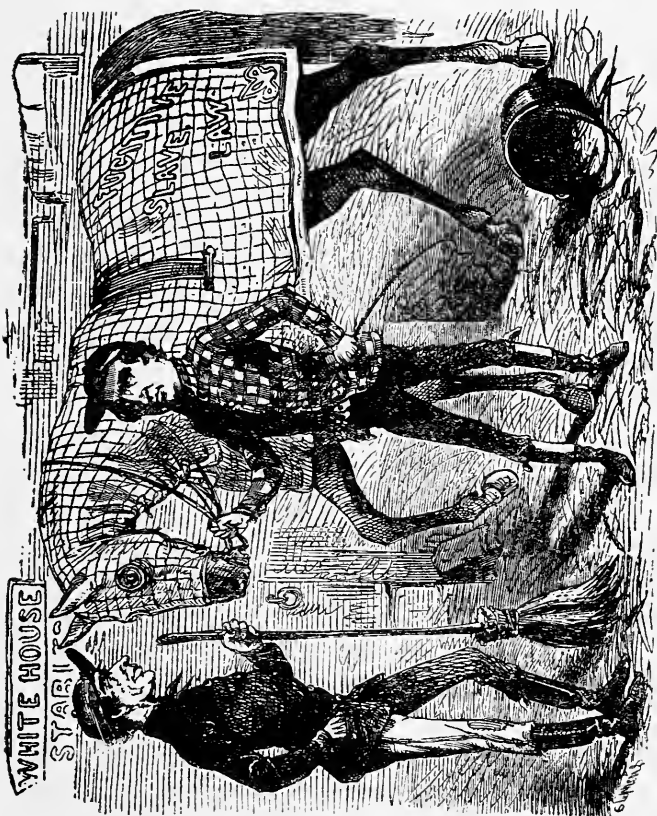
From "Vanity Fair," November 3, 1860.

The days of the Rebellion and the big days of reconstruction which followed, moved the caricaturists to sketching their ideas, but these efforts were expressions of unfair animosity, partial and sectional, and lacked art or humor.

The comic paper as an American institution was unknown. Scores of periodicals, that claimed the title, had been started but they were universally short-lived, generally on account of their triviality. They represented nothing,—an essential to even a comic paper—and they had no reason for existence. They were at best mere imitations of French or German periodicals and did not appeal to American taste.

It was not until Keppler adapted the vigorous and expressive art of the German school to American ideas that the comic paper assumed its legitimate place in American journalism. Keppler was an Austrian, had traveled extensively in his native country and had aspired in the early part of his life to become an actor. In Vienna he was a contemporary of the great tragedians of the time at the Royal Play-house, the "Burg-theater," and he toured Europe and America with theatrical companies. He landed in the New World in 1872 and it was he who started the first comic paper of this country, "Puck," primarily in St. Louis and later in company with the genial Adolph Schwartzman in New York.

One of the forgotten comic papers of the early sixties is "Vanity Fair." Only a very few copies of this publication survived the destructive years of the war. The very limited circulation, which this weekly had, makes it very doubtful whether there are many duplicates of the seven volumes issued, in existence. There is none in the public libraries of Chicago. The histor-



COMING 'ROUND.

LINCOLN—I say Yancey—if you'll let me have these stables in peace for the next four years, I'll give you some of the best stalls and see that your nag is well taken care of.

From "Vanity Fair," November 17, 1860.

ical societies of New York and Chicago are not in possession of a complete set, but have only a few odd numbers.

Mr. Julius Doerner, the well-known collector and best informed and most reliable judge of rare books in Chicago, possesses a complete set of "Vanity Fair." He is one of the contributors of "The Lantern" and through his courtesy in placing the valuable numbers at our disposal, we are enabled to illustrate this article with cartoons, known to very few and in no manner publicly accessible.

Very little is known about "Vanity Fair." The first number of the weekly, published in quarto and sixteen pages, appeared in the year 1859. It expired gently in December, 1862.

Its contributors did not affix their names to their articles but employed queer pen names; it is not impossible that one or two men were responsible for the literary contents. Bobbett-Hopper was the cartoonist, the author of nearly every caricature published during the life of "Vanity Fair."

Many good things can be found there among insignificant products. The caricatures of Lincoln and many of the countless anecdotes, paragraphs and verses to and about him, while significant and typical of the time, are mostly unknown.

The cartoons we reproduce will be easily understood by those who know the history of the sixties and early seventies. The names of the caricatured subjects are now framed in history. The truth of Mr. Lincoln's philosophy, reproduced above as a motto of this article, is proved by the history of the United States.

In bas relief his name stands out, esteemed by all who revere the founders of their native country.



BADGERING HIM.

J. G. B.—Bow! Wow! Come out, Mr. Lincoln!

From "Vanity Fair," December 20, 1860.

Abraham Lincoln is the greatest American of the nineteenth century chiefly for the same traits of his character and the methods employed by him in private life as well as in the service of his country, which were ridiculed in the contemporary cartoons reproduced in these pages.

Curtis Joseph Kirch and Milton Fuessle.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

(From "Vanity Fair," May 4, 1861.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has been accused of indecision—of saying a thing one day, and withdrawing it the next. We shall see a new and startling proof of this soon. "Fort Sumpter" is his word now, and we have very reason to believe that he will very speedily take it back.

THE SIDE SPLITTER.

(From "Vanity Fair," July 6, 1861.)

"MR. LINCOLN, we shall find this compromise movement a hard thing to get through," said Chase, confidentially, as they sat together cracking nuts and jokes.

"Never mind," replied merry old Abe, "I've had to get through many of knotty points in my days."

"Ho, ho." chuckled the dignified Secretary of the Treasury, holding his ribs. "Really, Mr. Lincoln, you ought to be called the side-splitter."



THE INSIDE TRACK.

THURLOW REED TO PRESIDENT ELECT.—“Trust to US. We’ll compromise the little difficulty for you. But trust to US. Gentlemen from the country are often egregiously swindled by unprincipled sharpers. (Impressively) TRUST TO US!”

From “Vanity Fair,” March 2, 1861.

A WAR SONG.

Mr. Augustus Snipes, late of the Journal of Commerce, rather flatters himself, that when a model for a War Song is desired, the following will be about the martial go:

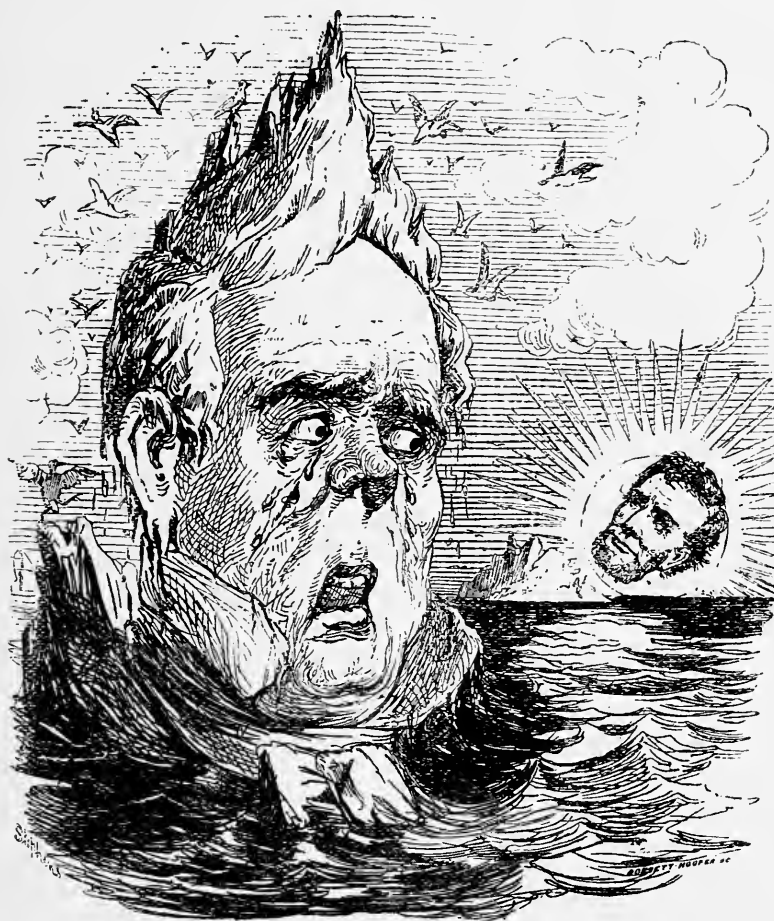
COME draw your triggers,
And fight for your niggers,
Though nobody cares to disturb 'em!
These pestilent fleas
Must vote as we please,
Or, by Johnny Calhoun, we'll curb 'em!

For the ballot and box
Let us substitute knocks;
Hard knocks, and sweet stringing dry knocks!
Though we're rich in assets,
Yet we wont pay our debts
To a parcel of pestilent Shylocks.

O we rise as we think on
That scamp, Abram LINCOLN,
That beastly, belligerent Bucker!
O we swear all together
To tar and to feather,
Provided we catch him, the Sucker!

Then seize all your rifles,
And don't stand for trifles,
Like fratricides, burglaries, treasons!
So comrades! all come,
And in ramrods and rum,
We have five hundred excellent reasons!

From "Vanity Fair," June 15th, 1861.



OUR GREAT ICEBERG MELTING AWAY.

From "Vanity Fair," March 9, 1861.



PROF. LINCOLN IN HIS GREAT FEAT OF BALANCING.

From "Vanity Fair," March 23, 1861.

THE SONG OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PILGRIM.

COME, ladies and gentlemen, around my platform
throng;

'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little
long';

Depending on which principle, I mean, where'er I go,
To put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow."

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"
Of ocean wide and stranded ship and reckless mutineer;
But rain or shine, this rule be mine, no chicken face to
show—

But put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers
grow.

"O, for the soft and gentle gale, I heard the fair one
sigh";

Responding to which sentiment, "Produce that gale,"
say I.

But high or low the winds may blow—while the sea doth
ebb and flow—

I'll put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

I hear the free electors howl; I hear the cannons roar;

I feel I've been at Buffalo, for ah, my bones are sore.

I know there's worse before me yet—how can I help but
know—

And yet I'll trust in Providence, and let my whiskers
grow.

From "Vanity Fair," March 2, 1861.

MOVEMENTS OF MR. LINCOLN.

The steps taken by Mr. LINCOLN to give Baltimore the "go-by," may be characterised as the most important movement made by him during his preliminary Presidential progress. Considered as steps, we suppose that the movement in question, coupled with the costume in which it was performed, will be handed down to posterity as "The MacLincoln Harrisburg Highland Fling." Certain Scottish chieftains are distinguished from common pipers by the prefix of the definite article to their patronymics. "The MacNab" may be taken as a case in point. Mr. LINCOLN, then, having assumed the chieftainship of a mighty clan and selected the costume of a Scottish chief to perform the part in, ought surely to be entitled to the definite article, and to receive and govern during his term of office by the style and title of "The MacLincoln More."—In this connection the *more* is a Gaelic addition to a title, and means *big*. It bears no reference whatever to Baltimore. As a piper will be an indispensable appendage for "The MacLincoln More," we suppose that the distinguished personage in question can do no less than appoint THURLOW WEED to that important position. THURLOW will make a very efficient piper. He has been playing one tune for a long time; and as it is a well known fact that the Scotch bagpipes always do that and cannot do anything else, the instrument will be just the thing for him to blow.

Our ubiquitous artist, who was at Harrisburg and elsewhere during the performance of The MacLincoln's celebrated "movement," has sent us the annexed sketch. Although the Kilt cannot be called a very definite article of costume, yet, as the definite article is worn by the chieftain for a prefix to his name, the adoption of the kilt can hardly be looked upon as a misdemeanor. The precautionary measure of "letting his whiskers grow," taken by The MacLincoln, will now be fully appreciated by the public. Scottish chieftains invariably "let their whiskers grow:" they are obliged by feudal tenure to do so. Pipers also: so that THURLOW WEED had better consult authorities as to the best mode of producing the necessary articles. It will be remarked that the Feather worn by the chieftain in his bonnet, is peculiar if not abnormal. It was placed there by WEED, unknown to the wearer; and is described by our ubiquitous artist as resembling the wing-feather of a swan rather than that of an eagle—being remarkably large and White.

Accompanying the cartoon on opposite page.

From "Vanity Fair," March 9, 1861.



THE MACLINCOLN HARRISBURG HIGHLAND FLING.

From "Vanity Fair," March 9, 1861.



OLD ABE.—Aint there a nice crop? There's the hardy Bunker Hill flower, the Seventh Regiment pink, the Fire-boy tulip—that tricolored flower grows near Independence Hall—the Western Blossoms and Prairie Flowers will soon begin to shoot.

COLUMBIA.—What charming plant is this?

OLD ABE.—That is rare in this country—it will bloom shortly and bear the Jeffersonia Davisiana.

From "Vanity Fair." May 9, 1861.

THE NEW ABC written for little Abraham (just four months old), by his Cousin Willie (just done his schooling). Illustrated by little Abie, "all by himself."



A's for America great
est land 'neath the Sun
It's got a North and a South
which used to be one

B is for Beau regard
Bully, Beast and so forth
who thought with a tick
he could wipe out the

C is for Chivalry; the South-
rons are full of it
But they'll find that the
mud sills will make a hard pull of it

D is for Davis, and dangling
and Dam
And he'll get both the
latter from good Uncle Sam

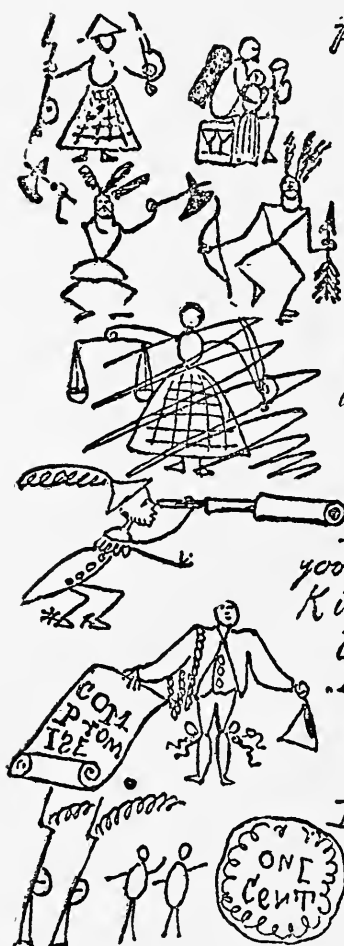
E is for England who
can't make up her mind
To which side of the question
she should be most inclined

F is for F. F. V. (for these
letters I lack words)
or for Vanity Fair, (less
one F. and read backwards)

G is for Gunpowder
for Greely and Goatshead
And blow up the Rebels
until they're all dead

i can't do for
anyTHING good
enuf for THIS





H is for Home guard, for
Hero, and Hum,
Bug is a thing, that
can very fast run

I is for Infamy In-
gins, and Ine
The Southrons have both
and the Ingins then hire.

J's Justice, the Con-
feds don't know much
about it.
And they think they can
get along quite well
without it

K is for Kaution which
good generals should use
K is, Katastrophy, the af-
fair of G. Bethel peruse.

L is for Lord Lions, who
Governor Hicks.
Thought all our quarrels
could easily fix

M is for Muskets, men
money, and more
we require all these
for to go to the war.



N is for Nigger, who can
sed. all the row
we must settle his hash
for him never, or now



O is Old fogies, to name
them's not worse
who even yet come with
their d—d Compromise



P is for phighting, and
don't stop till we're done
And the Confeds will
find it don't stand for



Q is the Question that
set Hamlet a copping
And Q is the question
that troubled Macguffin.



R is for Rasical, Rebel-
lion and Riot
The people in Balton,
one often do try to



S is Starvation, Se-
cession and Slavery
S is the Smashy that
follows their tenavery



T is for Tombs, and I
think by and by,
there'll be many more
lie-ers than those who now lie



U is the Union, a very
big gun
Before which the "Gentlemen" will all surely run.

V volunteer so spruce,
'tho' I don't know for certain,
If those are so spruce
who have only a Curtin

W is White house, whisky,
wornen and worn,
Jeffy won't get the White
house for some time to

X, no word that I ^{come} know
with X does begin
cept some vile abortion
like X President Jim

Y is for Youngsters of
Albion's pure breed
So rule over the South
for his lick and feed

Z is Zouave with his
wide flowing britches
who'll give the Seceshers
particular fits



This graphotype appeared in "Vanity Fair," July 27, 1861—in the fourth month of Lincoln's presidential term.

A VALENTINE.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WE shall not undertake to break an old time custom—one in vogue since the time magazines first were printed. We therefore offer the readers of our February number a valentine. We have called upon none less than Edgar Allan Poe for this contribution.

The New York Evening Mirror, edited by George P. Morris, of the date February 21, 1846. printed a number of valentines. The following verses were contributed by Poe. They comprise an ingenious acrostic on the name of a poetess of his time. The present day valentine lover should have no trouble in spelling out her three names if he hits upon the right clew.

TO HER WHOSE NAME IS WRITTEN BELOW.

FOR her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
Bright and expressive as the stars of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly these words, which hold the treasure
Divine, a talisman, an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure,
The words, the letters themselves. Do not forget
The smallest point, or you may lose your labor.
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not un-do without a sabre.
If one could merely comprehend the plot
Upon the open page, on which are peering
Such sweet eyes now; there lies, I say, perdu,
A musical name, oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets, for the name is a poet's too,
In common sequence set, the letters lying,
Compose a sound delighting all to hear.
All this you'd have no trouble in descrying,
Were you not something of a dunce, my dear;
And now I leave these riddles to their seer.

THE SANCTITY OF A PROMISE.

(A word with the man who is in the "clutches" of a "loan shark.")

Be courteous to your creditors.

—Abraham Lincoln.

WHENEVER my eye happens to glance over an incendiary paragraph on usury in the daily newspapers or when I see the record of a court proceeding where some one is proclaimed a "loan shark" by a judge, I remember John Rulf.

He was a book-keeper and had worked for the same concern a little over sixteen years. He earned a good salary—that is, what they call a good salary. Exercising constant self-denial, he had been enabled to make both ends meet.

On one cold December morning he entered my office in his old, worn overcoat. I hadn't seen Rulf for a long time. He was nervous and had a worried look in his eye. He wanted money, a small amount, I believe—about sixty dollars. I could not assist him. He had made the rounds of his everyday friends, and acknowledged that he had come to me as his last hope. He needed the money very badly.

I wanted to help him. I tried to borrow the money myself. Nobody seemed to have any, for some reason or other. One of the friends I approached suggested after my fruitless appeal to him, "Why don't you try a loan shark?"

He gave me the address of a salary loan company, and I accompanied Rulf to the place suggested. On the way to the money-lender he explained to me in detail how he had become involved, what he needed the money for and that under no circumstances could he approach his employers for an advance on his salary.

It would spoil his reputation. They would think him a spendthrift and they might care no longer to have among their employees a man who failed to save at least a few dollars of his weekly income.

The money was obtained without difficulty, in the office of the loan agent. Rulf assigned his wages as security and agreed to pay an interest of ten per cent a month.

"It is worth my while to pay the ten per cent a month," he had said. The wrinkles of worry were smoothed away, new courage gleamed from his eyes, and with an elastic step he left me at the next corner, to take the borrowed money to the place where it was due.

It took him three months to pay off his indebtedness, and for the use of sixty dollars he had to pay eighteen. Each month, on the appointed day, he paid his twenty-six dollars; the amount was receipted on the back of the note he had given and after three months he received again the note and the assignment of wages.

Rulf borrowed money with the intention of paying it back. Experience had taught him that the people who paid him a salary did not consider it a security for the loan he had sought. Friends could not or would not do him a service of love. He had to pay for it.

The same second that he discovered that there was a place where his greatest necessity was sold, he had gone there. The merchant named the price. It was a man-to-man business transaction. The one know what to buy, the other stated the price, and the commodity in question changed hands.

He was indebted to a usurer.

In the eye of the law a usurer is any one who lends money at a higher percentage of interest than the law allows.

Ugly pictures loom before us when we think of usurers.

There stands Shylock with his long knife, ready to carve out the life-throbbing heart pledged to him.

Up looms the picture of the hard-hearted money-lender who seizes the sewing-machine of the poor woman—her only means of earning a livelihood for herself and little ones.

Up loom the pictures of families driven out by stone-hearted money men, who take possession of homesteads without thought of the homeless.

Sentiment and sympathy are always great factors in human life.

Business and humanity seem to be antagonists in principle and in the thought of the masses.

But, in fact, they are closely linked.

They are like two wheels driven by some mystic power in opposite directions. But the cogs are interlocking. Wrest them asunder and each will stand motionless.

Humanity is the expression of the highest calling on earth and has nothing whatever to do with sentiment and sympathy. These are in many cases—and in nearly all cases—brought before the public eye as cheap imitations of the real thing. They are aroused by men trained for this purpose and well paid for it. They are created to confuse the masses and to kill the logical thinking of people at large. And they are used in the long run for the very purpose they apparently should avoid.

Real humanity is the life element of business, but nobody can do business based on sentiment or sympathy. To live, the business of today must be in its highest state of perfection. It must be built from solid material upon solid ground.

Unquestionable facts combined with facts and more facts are the arguments of the efficient merchant. Every fact is a materialized truth.

Sentiment and sympathy are never based on facts and can never be expressions of a naked truth if combined in this peculiar twist with real business transactions for purposes unworthy of a man.

Newspapers today transmit knowledge to the man in the masses. Newspapers have the power to create good and bad in many. They know their power and they know how to abuse it. They know the weak spot in every man's heart, and they know how and when to strike the chord to get the echo and the vibrating resonance they seek. They trumpet forth to the world the story of the man who paid enormous interest and how the "blood-sucker"—the loan shark—took everything and all, broke up homes to drive men to drink, crime and suicide.

They advise the man who entered the business agreement and received money where the lender's faith in his applicant's honesty was his only security, to beat the "shark."

They do not instruct outrightly, but they suggest by impression upon the mind of man and woman: "Go out and borrow money from a loan shark, assign your wages, affix your name to a note and then come to us and we will show you how to rid yourself of your unpleasant obligation.

"Bring the money--the original amount you borrowed—to one of our lawyers and we will force the loan shark to take the borrowed amount, without even the legal interest, because our state law provides this punishment for a usurer. The loan shark has not even the right to demand the legal rate of interest."

But the sentiment and the sympathy aroused in others through their columns are not permitted in the offices of these newspapers and self-proclaimed benefactors of the people.

"Bring the money you originally borrowed."

But what if he hasn't the money? Will they help him also? No. They will advise him.

"We are sorry for you," they will say, "but you had better take your medicine. He holds an assignment of your wages. Be prompt in your payments, or he will bring you trouble."

They might give him more advice. They might ask him confidentially, "Can you arrange with your employer to draw your wages in advance every week? If there is nothing coming to you the garnishment or assignment is naturally worthless."

Thus they are educating the weak-minded and the man inclined to do wrong to become criminals knowingly. They will then go out and sign their names to notes of personal indebtedness and take upon their shoulders an obligation with the intention to beat the man who trusts.

"Loan sharks" are doing business in a business-like way in office buildings which would not admit disreputable and crooked tenants.

"Loan sharks" do not lend money to the rich man's son who spends his nights in orgies. They do not lend money to men and women to procure luxuries for themselves.

They lend money to the hard-working laborer, to the under-paid employee, to the wage slave who is earning just what he needs and who is destitute when the unexpected occurs—when a child is born, when the mother of his children dies or when he is sick or out of employment. This man goes to the loan shark; the loan

shark takes a chance on him. Where relatives and friends have forsaken, the loan shark will gamble. On what? On the honesty and uprightness of the man who appears as a borrower in his office.

The loan shark daily refuses loans by the score to disreputable women and men who are habitual do-nothings.

"You will have to pay a big interest for the money you get. Are you willing to do so?" is the stereotyped inquiry before the loan is made. "Yes, I am," is the answer, just as stereotyped, "because I know I can't get it elsewhere."

The borrower agrees to pay a certain amount every week, every month, or the whole amount after a certain time. He signs a note to this effect.

Isn't this a straight business transaction? Was there any wrong inducement on the side of the money-lender? Was there any trap set for the borrower? It was a man-to-man agreement.

The man of honor, the man who attaches the same respect to his name and signature as does the man who lends him money on it in good faith, will appear regularly at the loan office, make his payments, get through with them and receive his notes. If he thinks the interest was too high he will never come back. If he is forced by circumstances to apply again for help he knows—and he may act accordingly.

We have crooked preachers among the most esteemed clergymen. Physicians, members of the noblest profession men ever followed, are sent to jail for crimes they commit; lawyers are forgetting that they took an oath to uphold the laws, help crooks and land behind the bars.

We have policemen who are guiding bank robbers in their escape and are ousted from the force in disgrace.

Why shouldn't there be crooks among the money-lenders—men who are depraved and take advantage of their fellowmen in oppressed circumstances?

But why, why, in the name of righteousness, not only condemn the entire occupation of lending money to the people, often as real benefactors and as good angels just as the clock strikes twelve—but also blacken the character of the men engaged in this business. Why denounce something which may often prove better, more "sentimental and sympathetic" than theatrical pulpit thumping and newspapers stepping in the arena as people's friends?

The honest man will keep the once given word and promise to everybody without considering whether there is a loophole for legal escape from fulfilling an obligation. The loan shark takes a chance on the individual's honesty, helps him in the time of need and at a time when the obtaining of a paltry amount of money may be vital.

The interest, no matter how high it may seem, is small compared to the chance the money-lender takes—to gamble in cents on a cent margin for cent profits with the poor and needy man, who has nothing, who calls nothing his own besides the word he gives and the hands to work with for an honest and frugal living.

No bank in this country, no private philanthropist and no philanthropic institution would take the chance to tide the man without security over his hard times as they might the man with security. The loan shark does it, and when he is about to collect his interest, which really doesn't amount to much after deducting his office, book-keeping and investigating expenses, he is called the "cut-throat," the "blood-sucker" and the usurer.

Keep away from them by all means.

Try to make both ends meet. If your stomach revolts and conditions are embarrassing, try to get along with the little you make.

But once you enter the contract with him who helps, at a time no one else will help—don't go gossiping like an old woman because you are sorry and unwilling to pay your installment or the note due.

In the name of manliness and decency, don't listen to people, to lawyers and newspapers, who will legally explain to you that you have the right, and perhaps the moral duty, to beat loan sharks.

To leave out the question of doing such a thing, the mere thought of it will cause you to lose your self-respect and cheapen your character.

Be a man.

Keep your word; respect your signature affixed to a binding contract.

Take your medicine.

Curtis Joseph Kirch.



Replated Platitudes



There is nothing like keeping up with the procession, unless you are big enough to be your own procession.

Where rudeness remains as the only possible and effective reply to folly, it is criminal folly not to be rude.

Where there is a will there is always sure to be some rat-hole.

It is the cheapest men that are usually most insistent upon costliest food and raiment.

Greatness by political appointment and greatness by personal achievement are nearly as closely related as forty-leventh cousins by marriage.

Not in fullness of days but in fullness of deeds, lies the sum of the life worth living.

Christian Science is neither Christian nor Science,—merely plain commercialized foolosophy with a squint at religion.

To be positive about anything at all one needs to know either all or else nothing at all.

JULIUS DOERNER.



Paving Stones and Diamonds.

MAGAZINE stands and tables in book stores, devoted to monthly publications, are paved with periodicals in all sizes and colors. They may be good and excellent in their way. Many book critics say so in publications for sale at the same places. And they are highly esteemed men in the "literary world." And they are well paid, so they must speak the truth.

We do not look for paving stones.

Paving stones are very useful and we could not get along without them. They are stepping stones and necessary, as everybody thinks, for rapid transportation and the ready transit facilities of the world.

But there were times when the good inhabitants of cities walked on unpaved steets; and the rich man of to-day who builds his spacious home with a large park and little cottages about it for his servants, like an ancient English peerage, does not use paving stones. He builds a solid sub-foundation and uses the yellow gravel so pleasing to the eye, so easy for humans and animals to walk upon and not harmful to the tires of automobiles.

One hundred small diamonds in every color variation and size do not attract the attention of lovers of rare and beautiful things. But the one perfect stone, well shaped, well cut and clear as steel, is desired, admired and almost impossible to find. And only a few fortunate ones have the wealth and the taste to procure it.

Turner's Mediator.

AMONG the worthy publications of February we really enjoyed the contents of Mr. Turner's "Mediator." Mr. Turner, the great thinker of our days and the pioneer for universal brotherhood, offers a symposium of thoughts in his leading article, "Labor—Common and Preferred." Seemingly unattainable ideals are within our reach, at our service, if we only take the trouble to think and meditate.

Mr. Turner is responsible for a good many meditations in cities and towns, in hamlets and on farms of this country—for a good many profitable minutes spent in hitherto unknown deep thought in railroad coaches and on steamboats by people who picked up out of curiosity the magazine, attracted by the cover-page picture of America's greatest mediator, Abraham Lincoln.

Striking truths are revealed by Newton Fuessle, Mr. Turner's editor, in his article, "Brothers or Keepers?" Mr. Fuessle was also attracted at one time by the "paving stones." They look nice when cleaned by legion street cleaners and afford much comfort to the multitude who walk upon them daily.

Fortunately he meditated at the right time, and instead of pleasing the masses for a quickly forgotten hour of pastime or leisure in conventionally written and, of course, well paid for stories and fiction, he is now pleasing himself in thinking and meditating, benefiting his contemporaries in giving them a generous portion of his thought, and leaving for posterity something well worth reading again and again.

The Philistine—Making a Living.

ELBERT HUBBARD announces in the February number of *The Philistine* the program of his lecture tour throughout the country. He will be in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Chicago.

He could lecture on no better subject than on the one he has chosen, "Making a Living." Especially literati of the cities where he is to appear, should begin to lay aside their pennies to be able to procure a ticket of admission. It will be very profitable for them to listen to the master, who is teaching his life—who really shows how to "make a living."

Life is a fight.

To fight we need a weapon.

We must know how to use it to our best advantage and we shall "make a living."

The language is the weapon of the writer. And after he has attained the mastery of the language he will easily find a way to juggle his weapon in a fanciful manner. Dangerous, apparently, to himself—the bystander may think—but it is harmless and a really joyful play, after he has learned the tricks of imitating the real thing, using only real wrappers and substituting the real substance with counterfeit. People nowadays do not look at the thing they buy, providing the wrappers are artistic and attractive to the eye and senses.

Even the literary man can use his weapon to financial benefit—a very handsome one at times. But he must hold it up in front of his victim or customer, let it shine in the sparkling sun make it look dangerous.

It is more profitable to sell sausage or a new brand of cheese through a clever advertising sermon than to show other people a new side of life—console them, inspire them, make them thinking and self-contented.

The American Drama.

“ and it is all very pretty, gracious and lovely to enjoy as given ” in this or that show house where one of our “leading” theatrical critics is sent by the management of her paper.

It may be a leg-show or a drama, a musical comedy or a grand opera production.

It is always the same.

But where is the real American drama?

The one which has been claimed discovered at least once each season for the last twenty years or longer by the theatrical producers of the “show centers” of the country.

A few weeks ago “The Unwritten Law” appeared for a short time in the Olympic Theatre in Chicago. We don’t think it was much of a success in the financial way. But it was a strong picture from American life. It was better than any show we attended during the past season.

We hope sincerely that the author, Milton Boyle, will not be discouraged, will continue to study life as it is and picture it in strong scenes on the stage. He gave us in his drama a glimpse of the original American law, the one which was never written and which was never discussed, but which is represented in the heart of every upright man and woman.

But the dawning day of the American drama will arrive when a man will have the courage, the ability, and the unhampered strength to show us the American man and the American woman at their work:

Not in clubs, summer resorts, in courtrooms or in political activity, not in gay or grave situations of their private affairs, not mere incidental episodes of the daily business life; just the American man and woman, earning their daily bread!

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE man or woman who wins fame and fortune before the footlights must be a temperamental athlete. He must be able to receive the impact of a compound magnetic blow and cause it to rebound back over the footlights at the battery of human magnets from whence it came.

A great audience is a powerful battery composed of many cells which transmits its wireless force to the man who dares to face it. The problem that confronts the debutant when he appears before an audience in the capacity of a professional entertainer is not one of technical skill, but is one of personality—of temperamental force.

The most powerful man may be easily knocked off his feet if he is not prepared to meet the blow.

Within the nature of every man there lurks a "doubting Thomas," who questions, and, questioning, seeks to know. The dawn of human knowledge sent forth its first ray of light when this lurking "Thomas" asked his first question.

The nature of man is antagonistic and invites all things to do battle, but the nature of man is also kind when once the battle is decided. Success before the footlights is won by a battle royal through the impact of magnetic blows.

The great artist leans forward—far over the center of his temperamental gravity as he walks down the stage and, like a trained athlete, receives the magnetic blows squarely and loses not his poise.

What is personality? It is the concentrated extract of human nature. There is the genius intellectual and the genius emotional and personality is the result of the combination of both in equal parts.

After many years of study and practice, a student may acquire a valuable product in the form of a finely trained voice or a great technical facility on some musical instrument, but his success as a public entertainer will depend upon his ability to deliver the goods. Not only must the sound of his voice or the tone of his instrument reach the ears of his listeners, but the vibrations of his own personality must fill the auditorium and create therein an acoustical atmosphere which makes vital and effective the sounds which are the medium of his expression. Genius is vitality plus.

To feel is easy, but to convey feeling to another is the secret which all public entertainers endeavor to discover.

What we do is incidental, but what we are is representative.

The great artist makes fugitive the latent forces which dwell within his nature and by a compelling force awakens the correspondent forces in his audience.

Temperament is emotion under control, the constitutional endowment of persons who have developed the power to attract and retain forces which in action form the vital principal of life.

Death is a negation; life is all there is.

The successful entertainer moves, his actions are subtle, alive and free from the handicap of selfconscious friction.

His art is but the medium through which he expresses the complex forces of his nature, the form which he endows with the subtle characteristics contained within himself and which find correspondent attributes in the personality of each individual who forms an integral unit, the multiple of which constitutes his audience.

The power to influence others is used by every one consciously or unconsciously, and the potency of its effect is the measure of a man's success in any undertaking wherein he is dependent upon the co-operation of his fellowmen. That this power can be developed by proper study and training, is fully evidenced by the remarkable influence exerted by the few over the many.

History is made by a few men who exercise this power and thus impress their thoughts and emotions upon the plastic minds of those who come within the range of their influence.

The man who wins before the footlights sets in motion the plastic and elastic mass of humanity before him and causes it to vibrate in harmony with himself. It matters not what his stunt may be, if his audience does not get it, he is a failure.

Knowledge is the manifestation of mind, while feeling is the evidence of life; to know and to feel is to BE.

Success is gained by endowing knowledge with potential force, by making real the things you do.

FOREST CHENEY.

**WHAT YOU THINK, MAKES FOR CHARACTER;
WHAT YOU SAY, MAKES FOR REPUTATION;
WHAT YOU DO, SIMPLY COMBINES YOUR CHARACTER WITH YOUR REPUTATION.— Julius Doerner.**

FOUR DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS.

BY GUIDO BRUNO.

Rejected by "Black Cat", "Munsey's" and "The Red Book"

It was on the night of the big snow storm. I stood at the ticket office of the elevated station. I was freezing miserably. Between the torn sole of my right shoe and my foot I had forced the cover of a tin can for protection from the icy pavements of the street.

I wanted to purchase a ticket for my nickel. I had to wait at the gate. The woman in front of me had pushed a five dollar bill through the little wicket. She waited for her change. She received four bills and ninety-five cents in small currency. Without recounting, she slipped the money into her black plush hand-bag.

I was traveling to the room of a friend of mine—one of the few I knew in the big city. I had promised to repay him a dollar that day.

I wasn't able to meet my obligation, but I hoped to borrow twenty-five cents more to secure a bed for the night.

"Would I find him at home? What if he should have moved, since I last visited him or what if he should have nothing himself?"

The lady of the five dollar bill sat opposite me. The plush hand-bag hung from her wrist by its gold chain. In it was the money I had seen passed through the wicket in change for her bill.

"Supposing I had that money!" I thought to myself. "What if she should drop the purse upon the seat by some chance and leave the train? No one would notice

it and she would forget the bag. I would then move hurriedly to her seat, get it and leave the train instantly. No one would know! I would throw the bag away and have the money.

"All that money!

"The four bills and the change! It would all be mine!

"I could buy shoes—warm shoes with solid soles to protect me from the snow and ice!

"I could rent a room and pay a week's rent in advance.

"And I could get some warm food!"

"Fourteenth street!"

It was my station. I had to leave the train. I descended the stairs and was again in the wind-swept street. The tin sole in my shoe was colder than before. The swirl of snow, like a rain of sharp pebbles, cut my face more keenly. I hurried.

Again I saw the black plush purse! The woman was walking before me in the crowd. Two fingers of the right hand held the hand-bag. The other two clasped the loop of her big white muff. She walked briskly and swung her arm rhythmically back and forth.

My eyes were fixed upon the bag. The woman was not going in the direction I wanted to go. I was following her like a child. I knew not why.

"Warm shoes! . . . A room! . . . A bed! . . . Something hot to eat! . . ."

A peculiar feeling overcame me: "I must have the purse—the money!"

I would follow the woman. . . . I would approach her stealthily from behind. . . . I would snatch the lightly held bag from her fingers . . . and I would run as fast as I could into the safety of some dark alley!

I was very close to her. I would count—"One . . . Two . . ." and at "Three" I would do it!

"One! . . . Two! . . ."

A gloved hand shot out from one side just in front of me and seized the purse.

The woman screamed. . . . The prize was gone! I had been cheated!

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" I shouted.

A red mist clouded my eyes. All my hopes were gone. He had stolen my property. I dashed after the man. I overtook him. I knew not what I was doing. I flung myself upon him, seized the collar of his overcoat, tore the purse from his hand and shouted madly:

"You dirty dog! You miserable thief!"

I shook him. I wanted to tear him to shreds. I wanted to hurl him to the ground and crush him with my feet.

A crowd had gathered. The woman with the big muff stood beside me. She took her purse from my hand. She said something to a policeman. I had not seen him before. He loosened my grip from the man's collar and took charge of him.

Now I realized what I had done.

"It is too late!" shouted something within me. "What a fool I was! Why didn't I run away after I got the purse?"

The woman's voice sounded as from a distance.

"Thanks! Many thanks!" she was saying. "How kind of you to have saved my bag. It contained baby's first tooth! And if I had lost that . . . !"

"But, you poor man!" she resumed. "No overcoat in such cold weather? Here take this money! (She handed me the four dollars and ninety-five cents.) And here is my card. To-morrow you must visit my husband and he will give you work. He always needs men at his factory."

Kindly smiling, she hailed a taxicab from a nearby hotel. She waved to me and was driven away.

The big policeman hustled his prisoner to the station.

And I stood there at the corner and laughed, laughed and laughed.



THE CARPET OF OMAR NIZAM.

BY KATHERINE KEITH.

Rejected by Munsey's and The American Magazine.

THE fierce glare of the eastern sun at mid-day beat pitilessly down on the narrow, squalid streets of Kermanshah. Even the shrill voices of the ragged children were hushed. Save for the piercing trill of the locust, breathless, panting silence reigned; and not a leaf stirred, nothing save the unending shimmer of the atmosphere.

Upstairs in the leafy coolness of his roof-garden, lulled by the soft splashing of the fountain, which rose and fell in liquid monotony, Omar Nizam sat with his head on his hands, gazing dreamily through the clouds of smoke that curled from his nargihle, at the carpet before him.

He wondered why he had bought it. Why that blue, weirdly strange as a sapphire held before a flame, had stirred at the strings of his memory until he knew that he had to give the Jew his price for it, no matter what that price might be.

There was something strange in that rug, something that made it different from any he had ever seen. Was it the wild, riotous brightness of the colors in one part

which gradually, very gradually melted together as his eyes traveled toward the lower edge into one beautiful, harmonious whole? Or was it the cross which gleamed so white against its background of blue? No, it wasn't the riot of color, nor the gleam of the white cross, nor even the burnished glitter of the golden thread, which commenced so abruptly part way down the rug and then traced in and out of the pattern all the way down to the bottom.

It was that blue, intensely brilliant at first, but gradually growing more and more rich in its luster, until near the bottom it seemed as if the very souls of the sky and of the ocean and of the sapphire were gathered in the silken folds.

Suddenly Omar Nizam paused in his smoking and lifted his head from his hands. Like a flash it all came back to him. The mists of thirty years rolled away and the long ago was as clear as yesterday.

* * * * *

No longer did the sun sift through the foliage of the roof-garden, to laugh and play with the twinkling fountain, but it was night—a deep, starry night, far out on the plains of Mogan.

A slender, bare-footed girl was dancing before the rough soldiers of the Imperial Guard. The warm glow of the camp fire lit up the bronze of her hair, which streamed over her bare shoulders and cast strange lights on the sapphire blue of her soft robe. A strange blue it was, different from any other in the world, except that of her eyes. Somehow it seemed a part of her; were the blue to change, she would be changed also. No one knew how she had come there, among those rude men, bearing with her a loom, on which were the flaring colors of a newly commenced rug.

There was one face in all that rough crowd that did not light up with coarse pleasure at the beauty of the dance. A young man stood apart from the rest, a look of pain and pity in his deep set eyes.

"How could that girl degrade herself to come into that camp alone to dance before a lot of brutal soldiers?"

He asked the man nearest him who she was.

"Only a Kashan dancing girl," was the reply. "One of the lowest of her kind."

After she finished and sank down beside her loom the young man went over and touched the brown shoulder.

"You shouldn't be here," he said gently. "Get your loom and let me take you home. It isn't right for you to dance before these men."

The wild, blue eyes looked fiercely up into his and he saw the scornful curve of her red lips.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" she said. "Why should I do what is right. I, who am only a Kashan dancing girl?"

He looked at her in surprise, and then a gleam of wonderful, comprehending sympathy lighted his face.

"No," he said gently, "you are not only a Kashan dancing girl; you are a woman—a woman," he repeated softly, "the purest, holiest gift that Allah ever gave to man."

The wild light died slowly out of the blue eyes and again gave place to one of awe-struck wonder; and then a wave of scarlet leaped from her throat to the roots of her hair. As if in a dream, she took the veil, which she had waved so defiantly through the dance, and putting it over her head, she picked up the loom and passed slowly out of the camp and out of his life forever.

The long afternoon wore away. Cool breezes stirred the palms of the roof-garden, and indistinct murmurs were wafted up from the street—of donkey boys urging on their patient animals, the bleating of home-coming goats and, far away, from the garden's of the governor's palace, the soft cadence of a woman's voice mingled with the notes of a zither. But Omar Nizam heard them not as his eyes traveled slowly through the length of the rug. First those fierce, wild colors, then the golden thread twining in and out of the pattern, sometimes almost gone, but always reappearing, brighter than before.

Softer grew the colors, blending more and more completely. Very slowly the blue added to the wonderful depths of the sapphire sheen. But the more blue it became the less it predominated over the other shades. And then, half way down, the cross in all its gleaming purity. Still softer became the harmony of the different shades, simpler but more perfect became the pattern with its thread of gold.

Slowly Omar Nizam's eyes reached the bottom, and he fell on his knees and bowed his head, for the greatest of all mysteries was in the carpet before him,—the mystery of a woman's soul—and he was afraid.



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